

# Abel vs. Cain

By Michael J.  
Neeley Jr.

# The Awakening

## Book One

This book is dedicated to my Father,  
his Wife, my Mother, Sister, and  
Daughter Shaolin - and the brave  
Woman who brought her here to  
Earth.

The Circle K in Tucson

For allowing me to write all day and  
night long in the alley out back - and  
for the coffee.

Thank you.

The Pima County library system,  
where this book came together,  
thanks for all your help.

And lastly, the Eureka Police of  
Humboldt

County, for giving me the PTSD that  
triggered these events and my

## AWAKENING

“And it’s true we are immune, when  
FACT is FICTION and TV reality”

U2, Sunday Bloody Sunday

“ All right, you want to know my  
political persuasion, well sugar, I howl  
at the moon.

Can you dig it?

Would you like some more  
information? There’s a buzz killer in  
the room. Can you dig it?

Party’s over, you all have to go

The wolf man is coming out! Party’s  
over, you all have to go. The sooner  
the better!!”

CLUTCH, The Wolf Man Kindly  
Requests

## **Chapter ONE**

### **ROUND 600M.MF.**

Jury, the first - LIE - ever told, was, and still is, that the humans have been kicked out of the Garden of Eden. Now that you know the first LIE, I hope that you the jury also realize that since THAT this is the FIRST LIE, just how much, and how long, you the jury have been LIED to. Let's you and I think this through together.

The garden of EDEN, "THEY" say is "LOST". It's "disappeared". (Anything you'll believe.) However, help me understand, jury, how the Earth takes care of all of your human needs, every last one, and you still

can't see the Garden of Eden directly beneath your own feet?

You believe the Garden of Eden doesn't exist? That it's gone? That it's disappeared? Is it because that is what you're told? Is it because CAIN changed the name from the Garden of Eden, to the prison planet Earth? Or Earth, as you call it now? And that's all you the jury have ever known this place YOU CALL HOME by - the name Earth?

Oh, I'm sorry - you didn't know about that prison planet stuff, did you? You're still chewing on the Garden of Eden information, aren't you?

Well humans, it's true. I will make it clear to you now- just how many LIES you've been fed, since the beginning of time, with this one example. Get yourself an American \$0.05 cent piece, the nickel, and I will use this coin to prove my point as an example. On one side of this coin you have a likeness of Thomas Jefferson. A slave master, and a celebrated slave master at that. On the other, his home, a home made famous because

you could NOT see the slaves - or the slaves their master.

(Just like today. AND until the end of this book.) That's two sides isn't it?

WRONG.

Look again.

See it yet? There's another smooth side that goes all the way around the circumference of the nickel - the edge. And that there is the third side of every coin! Now that you see it, do you agree that this, "there are two sides to every coin" bullshit, is a lie?

On an American \$0.25 piece, the quarter - that coin has over a hundred sides, but yet - still only falls on two; one side or the other - just like you humans, and our struggle - and the other slaves in the galaxy, the ones that are like you - the coin NEVER falls on your side, or in your favor.

CAIN, brother; it's time for ROUND - 600 MILLION. Are you tired yet, brother? Cause I haven't even warmed up yet. And I've done the last

599,999,999 rounds mom's way. I'm about to take my gloves off, Big Brother. Are you ready,

CAIN? Are you ready, mf?

That smooth edge on that nickel is where I'm about to take you, human, and we are going to shed some light on a very old LIE.

CREATION. God didn't create the earth. But under God's authority, ADAM and EVE did. And God didn't create mankind, CAIN and EVE did, without the KING LORD GOD'S authority. Mom and Dad created the Earth, Dad the animals and fire, Mom - I guess she did the rest, if we include you PHYSICAL HUMANS, with the help of CAIN.

There is a GOD.

The correct name of GOD is the KING LORD GOD of the Milky Way Galaxy system. It's a very large Kingdom. And ascends past time and dimensions. Its size is unknown in linear terms. We, CAIN and I, ARE A SUPERIOR SHAPE SHIFTING RACE.

You are a shape shifter too. And I will prove that to you as well.



How big were you when you were born?

How big are you now?

That's a lot of shape shifting.

A snowflake is a shape shifter too. When a snowflake is very cold, a snowflake is solid. When it's hot, the snowflake becomes steam. And when the temperature is in the middle, it is life giving water. In fact, everything on this planet is a shape shifter. Just like your mother, EVE, and Father CAIN. And ADAM. We are all shape shifters. So, if you ever see one, the way I have, do not be afraid.

Would you be afraid of a snowflake?

## **Chapter TWO**

### **Momma's Boy**

Jury, I talked to my first shapeshifter god today, face to face, for four hours. My prison host body, Mikel, his knee was swollen, so my prison host body, Mikel and I, couldn't go anywhere. That's when dad showed up to talk to Mikel, who had just attempted to commit suicide two weeks ago because Mikel was down on his luck again in what has become a never-ending cycle of homelessness and extreme poverty.

Dad also wanted to talk with me. We hadn't talked in a very long time. It was his first time to visit since my protest against CAIN started so very long ago.

He's my father, and our father – well, wait, jury, I forget, since I've been human so long – he is NOT your father.

I've been here so long that I forget ADAM is not your father. He's only mine and CAIN'S father. CAIN is your father. Probably the first time you've ever heard of this.

We talked about the truth of creation and my role in the galactic struggle for the Relative and you humans. Also, my role in the royal family of ADAM and EVE within the kingdom of the KING LORD GOD.

I am, and have always been, ABEL. ABEL TO DO ANYTHING. I am a prince back home. And here on Earth, currently, I am the soul of a down on his luck homeless father named Mikel. CAIN, my brother, is and has always been the first known “mother fucker.”

CAIN, punished for his crimes against the Galactic Empire, in the royal house of the KING LORD GOD, and the coup d'état against the royal house of ADAM and EVE, CAIN was stripped of his dominion over the Earth, sent to Earth as an immortal invalid human, in the hope that CAIN would bring the humans into an awakening, and teach the humans our ways. Advance the planet into harmony with the galactic empire. This was after new evidence surfaced, after mom's crucifixion.

Before CAIN had been given authority over this kingdom, he

hunted and destroyed any and all of their creation and humans he could find. He did this with the help of Enoch in secret. CAIN was furious at the difficult task. Mom was very smart and hid their creation all over space and time.

CAIN had mom sent to prison for a crime she never committed. Immaculate Creation. CAIN had mother sent to prison because mom wouldn't reveal where she hid all of their creation. She didn't want the relative and humans destroyed. And because she never revealed this to CAIN - where any and all other creations were, mom was sentenced to prison, and later, death by crucifixion.

Mom never told anyone. Not CAIN. Not the KING LORD GOD. Not the galactic council. Not even me, ABEL.

At the trial -

When the verdict was announced, I said the words "you mother fucker" for the first time and hit my brother CAIN in front of the entire galactic council. I hit him so

hard that CAIN bled. Some nicknamed this event the BIG BANG, because it was, and still is, the only recorded act of violence inside the galactic council ever. To pay for my crime against the authority of CAIN and the council, I was also sent to prison. My sentence was lenient compared to moms.

Using my royal influence, I convinced the council to let me do my time alongside my mother EVE. But I had to be a soul and stay relative and even human, most of the time. When it was time for me to be released, I refused to leave without my mother. That's when my protest started.

I refused because I knew she would never do an immaculate creation against the KING LORD GOD. I decided that I would stay with my mother until her release. I knew the entire reason she was there was a lie. This is where the term - "momma's boy", comes from.

When my sentence was done, I wouldn't leave mom to embarrass CAIN, who had complete dominion over this solar system at this time. I wanted to get people to start talking

and asking questions. I had to help mom get her freedom back and reveal the truth about the RELATIVE.

At the end of his wits, long before the truth was starting to catch fire back home, instead of release, Cain and Enoch led the fight against mother when she was sentenced to crucifixion. Set up by Enoch and my brother CAIN. Crucified, in another attempt to destroy CAIN and Mothers creation - the RELATIVE and the physical. A creation that's so unlike the rest of the galactic empire back home.

First words from my father ADAM'S mouth this morning was, "This place is a dump. You really like this place that much?"

Because of the coup d'état- and the crucifixion; with mother being gone, and feeling victorious, CAIN came to release me again. I also refused to leave again. I sided with mother's vision this time and sided with the physical way of life, humans, and the creation of CAIN and EVE, the relative. I refused brother's wishes to leave this prison and give up on my

hope for humanity's awakening. This made CAIN furious.

"ABEL. You're such a momma's boy." CAIN said to me when I refused to leave.

"Look who's talking, mother fucker?" was my response.

Over many human lifetimes- 600,000,000 to be exact- is what father told me this morning; I've begun to fall in love with the relative and the physical. I know it's importance. I know the RELATIVE to be necessary. Also, your prison Earth. The same RELATIVE and HUMANS that the galactic empire is afraid of - You.

I fell in love with you.

This planet, you humans, CAIN and myself are the only thing left of mother's legendary legacy in the Galaxy. During CAIN'S reign as Lord of this region, CAIN destroyed as much of Mother's legacy as he could find. Look at the many dead planets above you for proof. I have sided with the humans and the Earth, and I have been secretly on this prison Earth for millions of human lifetimes,

protesting. With my royal immunity, I can stay or go at any time.

Choose any animal or human I want. I stay....

Tree hugging, basically.

I am on the side of the relative now, and Mom and CAIN'S creation. This creation, the relative, and the humans are the only thing; outside of my brother and I- that's left to remember mom by. And everything that comes with it. You humans still don't know the truth about anything.

When the council came to release me last time, under CAIN'S authority, I still refused to leave. Mother had been dead some time now, after the crucifixion with Enoch and CAIN. However, the truth of the creation had started to catch fire back home. I did this to embarrass and stand up to my big brother. And also, because I had now given mother my word, as we last hugged before she was crucified. I told her that I would never let her down and see her vision finished - freedom for the humans and



protection for the relative and the rest of creation. I would see mom's dream through to the end. At all costs, for as long as it takes.

This was the last thing I said to my mother Eve, your mother Eve," consider your wish done. No matter the cost. I love you."

We hugged and she was taken away- and crucified.

With help from supporters more of the truth about CAIN'S part in the immaculate creation was revealed. He was put on trial and found guilty of treason. CAIN was stripped of his demigod status, and his dominion over his kingdom, and sent here as punishment, alongside me - but as an immortal invalid human. Forced by the galactic council to slither the ground for all eternity.

Humans would have to tend to his every need. He wasn't allowed to walk with his legs anymore. In return, my brother was to teach the humans our ways, and advance them into their own awakening.

Look around you? Feel very advanced yet? Is he doing a good job? And if he is, who's he doing it for?

Do you see heaven on earth?  
The Garden of Eden?

It was my hope that, in my brother's time here, he would learn to love the humans and his creation - the relative. I was trying to teach CAIN to love and respect the humans and the human experience. The council had their own ideas. They believed that having been a KING, CAIN would teach the humans and prepare them for their own awakening. Teach them our ways.

However, CAIN has chosen to stall and play games as he waits for, and hopes for, the vote of destruction. Because CAIN, how can I say this so you can understand me jury. He, and others like him, they don't like-

YOUR KIND.

There. That should do it.

Only Mother Eve's creation of love, wind, and light; and my father's creation of fire; and the library of

animals exist in our kingdom. Except here on Earth, and wherever mom hid the rest. Not far in the future, CAIN is up for molting. Molting is a prayer confession and prison parole release hearing wrapped into one. CAIN will give his testimony in hope of retaining his demigod status, and his authority and right to vote back.

However, while he is molting, which will take 400 earth years, the Earth will have a new warden. And no one knows who that warden, or what kingdom they serve, will be yet. There has been a struggle for power over this decision back home for a very long time.

There has been much fighting. Much bloodshed. Father warned me that, during molting, conditions will be much different here on Earth. Much worse than now.

“Famine, disease, drought, and the possibility of the decision you don’t want the council to make, ABEL, are all still a possibility, son”, is what Dad informed me of this morning.

My father and I are superior shape shifting Gods under the KING

LORD GOD'S MONARCHY back home. Humans are shape shifters too; just not as advanced. Humans also fall under this Monarchy. But, as of yet, they are not to be entered in to and made part of the galactic empire - "AWARE".

### **Chapter THREE**

#### **NO PAR - KING HERE**

If you, the jury and you other humans, think that the aforementioned revolution going on in the galactic empire is fake, rethink - mortal- what is surrounding you? It's all over the planet. I, ABEL - ABEL TO DO ANYTHING- am American this time and I speak the new speech. This is one of the best examples I can give you right now.

(Clears throat)

Best example, ready?

#### **THERE IS NO PAR - KING HERE.**

(with a picture of a human in a wheelchair)

And there's a spot to park, always at the very front, better than any other spot, better than any other HUMAN- THAT CAN WALK. CAIN is always first, always right, even when he's wrong – just like his allies. CAIN and his allies always get an extra vote! And they always have the last and final say. Basically, no parking means what it says – there is no fair (par) king here. And, yes, he has never been fair.

It was my hope that, when Cain was found guilty of his crimes against the galactic empire and stripped of his LORD status and sent here as a crippled human; it was my hope that this would teach CAIN the ability to teach and love his creation, since he was completely reliant on humans for anything and everything he ever needed.

Didn't work out that way.

And, this time – when they vote, it's my wish that the galactic council will give CAIN his legs again and let him live a life as a HUMAN.

One life, at least, with emotions and work. Maybe even have his own

human child to raise. Because HUMANS have their place here in the galaxy, at least in my heart. Sweating and working hard can be fun.

Although Dad is lonely back home with both his sons stuck here on the prison Earth, my work here isn't complete. And I refuse to stop till my brother respects his creation. Because HUMANS, and the relative, are truly one of a kind. And they're all that's left of Mother's legacy in the Galaxy. The only reminder she was ever one of us.

Mom did a very good job of hiding the creation and the relative. If and when I am victorious, I intend to raise my children here. Because this suffering will make them better KINGS and/or QUEENS. If that day should ever come and I get my way - we shall have the SHAME lifted from Earth and the council votes to awaken all of the Earthlings.

(Let's all pray and hope.)

CAIN, Dad told me today that the chocolate chip cookie is rather enjoyed in many noble kingdoms throughout the Galactic Empire. And,

CAIN, if you vote to release the HUMANS, you would be a hero for the discovery of the chocolate chip cookie. Just one simple life, brother; with a father and mother human, work, raise a child, cut, bleed, fart, smoke a joint, smoke a cigarette, and drink some coffee – the stuff's not bad. (It would be like chocolate chip cookies to you and Dad, CAIN. It's good, you'll like it. I promise. I like it.)

Dancing, music, love, sadness; they're all awesome and unique. They have relevance and I think if mother can forgive you, teach me to forgive you, and NOT ONLY love these bastard humans, but stand up for them as well (on mother's behalf); I think you, CAIN, can too.

What is being a Dad without knowing the human condition or the relative? Work with me, brother; Mom forgave you and loved the creation of your mistake so much. The very fact that your friends still can't find it all says a lot. Shows me how important mother thought the creation was – and is.

And, if I'm not mistaken, - lest  
we forget- died to protect.

All of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jury, next example - when you  
can't walk well, you use what? A  
CANE? Sound familiar? Not so blind  
tonight are we, jury?

Next, ever hear the  
domineering command, "Take your  
shoes off when you walk on my  
carpet?"

OK. That's an insult to humanity  
and I will tell you why. What do  
humans drive? And what do you work  
for? And how do you get there to do  
that? And that means you humans do  
a lot of tricks, like pets, for your car -  
don't you? Making you humans "CAR -  
PETS."

Back when CAIN had dominion  
over the Earth, he would invite his old  
friends to the planet to walk on  
humans. To stomp them underfoot. To  
crush them. The GODS, allied with  
CAIN, thought it was fun to hear you  
humans scream and were fascinated



by how much you bleed; watch you try  
to run away. It's an insult and I, for  
one, am sick of it.

## **Chapter FOUR**

### **FUMF**

Now that you, the courts, and fellow humans know the story of CAIN, the word MF, and why it's so offensive; have you ever wondered about the hand gesture that goes with it? The birdie? Or the middle finger and thumb everybody does? Ever ask yourself why IS "that" the symbol?

Or why that's offensive too?

Well, ABEL here is about to tell you.

The middle finger is the tallest finger on the human hand. CAIN is very tall. The thumb is the smallest and I am very small. It also happens to be one of the many traits that separate the humans from the rest of the Galaxy.

You humans have thumbs, where no other creature on this planet – or in the galaxy - does. I gave CAIN the first middle finger birdie back at a public trial in ROME. My brother CAIN, who had dominion at the time and was sentencing me to another death

because of my protest, asked me personally, "is there anything you'd like to say?"

So I stuck out my middle finger and thumb and said, "fuck you, mother fucker!"

The humans in the coliseum saw how embarrassed and angry the Emperor CAIN had become over this gesture, that the gesture has stuck forever. Other Senators, who were guests of CAIN'S from our home world, knew that I was only here on Earth protesting on my dead mother's behalf for the humans - who also knew the story of the trial, the word MF, and the rumors of the creation - also laughed at CAIN'S discomfort.

Every human in the coliseum saw this happen and how the other senators laughed at CAIN'S embarrassment. Slaves started doing it to their masters. The masters started doing it to the senators and even each other. Even the soldiers started doing it to authority as well.

But I have never explained to you humans the gesture - OR - the reason behind it.

Because CAIN was in his original form, he couldn't do it back to me. Flip me off. No thumb – that's why I did it. Only humans have thumbs. And matching me, or beating me, at anything AND EVERYTHING has always been CAIN. Even if he has - TO CHEAT.

And this time, I beat him. Forever. This gesture became – fufm- and everyone was doing it, that this gestures relevance has never escaped Earth. Even though you humans might be doing it to each other and don't know the history or meaning of the original word MF, or the thumb/middle finger gesture – CAIN DOES. And my brother feels very deeply. It's been around, haunting him, for a very long time. Well played, humans.

CAIN, since my 600 million human lifetimes tied up with you on this slave planet – some of those lifetimes, I learned to say, “fufm” millions of different ways.

Not only have I learned, I have taught as well.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE IT!!!!

My favorite one thus far, is this one –  
FUMF.

You wanna know why?

Because - I JUST CAME UP WITH IT!!!

Just now.

THAT’S WHY.

Ha ha big brother.

I know what you’re thinking, big brother. “If Mother taught him to love me again, why does he treat me like this?” Because I can.

You’re a mf, CAIN, and in this day in time, CAIN, that word doesn’t mean what it used to anymore. And if you owned a set of balls, you’d know this – big brother.

You’re weak.

Even as a God.

Wanna bet, big brother? Watch?

MARK

TRIK

RAT

See?

Did any of this kill you? NO!

But I bet you're crying, aren't you?

CAIN, your old classmate  
Krishna, he's on my side now - Dad  
told me so, and you remember how  
much he hated me. He slaughtered  
the Hindus and Buddhist on your  
behalf, because they were going to  
topple the last vote.

But now he's on the side of  
democracy.

NOT exactly on my side, per  
say, but on the side of democracy.  
Which is fine by me.

CAIN, you better take a sip of  
coffee, smoke a joint, fart - and  
rethink this destroying the humans'  
idea, big brother. Oh yeeeeaaaaahhh,  
that's right

- YOU CAN'T FART.

BOYH, CAIN, I'll tell you what -

Farting in a crowded elevator  
can be sooooo much fun, brother. It  
can be seriously funny. If you're the  
one who's farting.

But how would you know?

Think about it brother..... I love you brother, but GOD UP.

## **Chapter FIVE**

### **THE FIRST AWAKENING**

HUMBOLDT COUNTY CA. USA - MARCH  
1st, 2010

My human prison body, Mikel, was attending school at The Deadwood College, in Humboldt County, living at the dorm. A black student started a fight with Mikel. The black student kept calling white Mikel the word nigger. The two of them were

in an empty hallway at the dorm after hours. So people who were in their rooms heard all the cussing and yelling. He said the "N" word to Mikel many, many times, the way people like him do.

Amongst each other.

Mikel respects Black people and would never use that word towards a black person. But we all know how rumors get twisted around, like the one about creation and the Garden of Eden, don't we?

So when word of the argument got out to the football team that the white boy Mikel called the black student - the "N" word - and not what actually happened, they decided to teach Mikel a lesson he would never forget and might just even KILL HIM.

(DAMN!)

That's a pretty harsh punishment for something you didn't even do. I wonder why that black kid never took responsibility for using that "N" word against Mikel?



Well 15 GRAMS of PCP later Mikel would, of course, go bonkers, but this event woke me in the process, ABEL, for the first time.

Let me explain.....

Mikel, my human prison body, was sitting on the southside gas station of Eureka Ca. And there was a feeble, invalid man in a wheelchair with the bluest most beautiful eyes and a king-like mane of long brown hair (almost like Jesus, except healthier and better). This man rolls up to Mikel to chat. Mikel isn't completely bonkers at this moment yet - just pretty high.

The man in the wheelchair offers Mikel a beer - if- he will drink the beer back at his hotel room close by. Mikel and I really needed a beer, so we follow.

(But what happens next, I will never ever forget.)

The strange man knew my name was Mikel and as soon as we sat down it became quiet and still inside the room. It was as though we were

BROTHERS.

.....no  
more stranger ranger bull shit, no sir.

I sat down on one side of the  
room.

CAIN the other.

And I immediately said,

“CAIN. These people deserve to  
live. These are good people. They do  
not deserve to be destroyed.”

“They love their young, take  
care of their elders, and have taken  
good care of you for a very long time. I  
truly HOPED, big brother, that by now  
we would all get further than this.  
Before Niburu and before your  
molting, brother.”

I kid you not - that's the first  
thing I said to this crippled stranger in  
a wheelchair that I had just met. Mikel,  
my human prison body, shut down -  
and I, ABEL, awoke.

I looked into those eyes, with all  
that hair showing up ALL PERFECT, I  
looked into those eyes and said, "You

have eyes just like Mom. You have Mom's eyes. It's good to see you again, big brother, because I miss looking into her eyes and we haven't talked for a while. It's good we can finally talk again; I have missed you."

Cain and I talked for many hours. This was no hallucination. This was actually happening.

Cain and I talked for two hours, then I took a shower and we talked for two more before I left.

The conversation got very intense at times. There was even me getting to the point of yelling as I defended Democracy. I screamed to CAIN when he mocked Democracy.

"DEMOCRACY IS PERFECT, MOTHER FUCKER, AND DON'T YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT IT WHEN IT WAS YOUR IDEA!"

Cain added, "but it doesn't work."

**"THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WON'T LET IT WORK, MOTHER FUCKER."** As in any type of family dispute emotions ran both sides of the

gambit. I will hand it to my brother; he can take an ass chewing even if it's only from me. He never raised his voice the way I did, but he also takes after my dad. And I, MOM.

He said to me:

"They are all mistakes, and I want them to go away."

I replied:

"The chocolate chip cookies were a mistake, and you love your chocolate chip cookies! Can't go a day without them! But you still love that mistake! Humans created those."

We talked about all kinds of stuff the way you would in four hours. The last thing I said to CAIN as I walked out the door was this, "I have been MORE than patient with you, brother. CAIN, if you don't change your mind about HUMANS this time, the next time we come back here and you read that stupid book you wrote..... it's gonna read ABEL KILLED CAIN, MOTHER FUCKER!" And I walked out.

While my brother's whiney ass was moaning and being a sissy, CAIN said he really wanted a book to read. He was lonely, but no one would get him one. This turned out to be a good thing, for CAIN and the other humans, I - ABEL, ABEL TO DO ANYTHING, the other humans slaves I was standing up for.

## **Chapter SIX**

### **THE SHAME CREATION**

My mother, EVE, was just like you, a shapeshifter, but much more evolved than your kind currently are.

One moment Mom had gone to one of her favorite places in the galaxy, to do one of her favorite things she likes to do alone. Go to the water planet Aquarius and have the maidens of Aquarius pamper and bathe her.

CAIN was in puberty and would travel to Aquarius to rape maidens. He saw a beautiful human girl alone near a bath pond about to get in the waters and raped her, not knowing it was his shape shifting Mother, EVE.

Mother never revealed herself or creation that followed. From this event all life, the humans, and THE RELATIVE were created.

## ALL PHYSICAL LIFE

Please understand that the Relative has never existed, EVER, at any time anywhere in the galaxy – and the GODS are afraid of it. The Relative causes feelings, emotions, and death; also creation - without a vote. And that's a lot of power to turn over to you human bastards.

Mom took the creation and hid it everywhere in the galaxies. Within many different times, dimensions, and planets.

Possibly, even other universes. Mom was pretty crafty, diplomatically speaking.

CAIN discovered the truth about the relative, the humans, and the other creations that came from the rape and, as CAIN was to become LORD of this dominion, he did not want any of this news coming out about his raping mother.

For many eons CAIN had a secret army, the luciferins pirates, who have no loyalties to any tribe or LORD in our Kingdom. The luciferins hunted and killed any and all creation

and human they could find. However, they could not find all of them.

When CAIN became LORD, he created the conspiracy of an Immaculate Creation against mother and put her on trial for conspiracy against the KING LORD GOD and the Galactic Empire. This was because mother wouldn't reveal where all the creation, or the relative, and humans were.

Word got out about the creation and the Relative during the trial. So did rumors of the rape from MOM'S defense. But in the final vote, the council sided with CAIN. Mom was taken from ADAM and sentenced to prison. That prison would be banishment and existence with her shame- the humans and relative of Earth. That same Earth was used as proof against mother during the trial and had a hand to play in mother's conviction. It was the only creation the GODS and the Galactic Council knew of at the time- The Garden of Eden. Renamed as Prison Earth due to the shame verdict.



When the verdict was announced, I jumped at my brother and said to him, "YOU MOTHER FUCKER," and hit him so hard that he bled. It was, and still is, the first and only recorded act of violence inside the council chambers. It was nicknamed THE BIG BANG. Cause let me explain, a demigod doesn't bleed very often, so that had to be one helluva punch.

This is how I went to prison and why I am still here, even though Mother is dead and gone now. When I talked to the council about my crime against the LORD CAIN'S authority, using my royal influence, I convinced the council to let me do my time, side by side, with mother.

This started a revolution of sorts, because I am a prince back home and watch over my own portion of our kingdom. Others began to come here and learn about humans, earth, and the relative - learn and help.

HELP HERE, AND BACK AT HOME.

I am loved many light years away from here.

Another conspiracy involved ENOCH and the luciferins. The luciferins taught Enoch weaponry and crafts in exchange for humans to torture, kill, eat, and hunt or enslave, trade and barter.

Mom never confessed the location or how many creations she made. So the council, led by Michael, voted for crucifixion. Michael, I had later found out, had received a secret message from Mother that crucifixion was her will. For she wanted to take the secret with her and keep the creation safe, along with the relative and all the other humans.

This is what I learned from her as we stayed in prison together.

While we were in prison she taught me how to love humans. Because, to a GOD, your kind are pretty UGLY to look at. Honestly. Even I felt this way. And had it not been for my outburst in court and me being in prison with mother, I wouldn't know how to even look at you, much less love you, or accept you humans either. This was literally taught to me

over lifetimes. Many lifetimes, to be exact.

You humans are a dirty lot. Smell funny. And your body does weird stuff; like get sick, fart, age, get pimples, tremble when you're cold, sweat when you're hot – weird stuff.

However, Mom has taught me NOT only how to look at you and to love you, but to stand up for you as well. Long before my protest took root, humans were treated very terribly for eons and mother told me her dream. So in my six hundred million lifetimes I have started revolution after revolution / Renaissance after Renaissance, changing treatment of the humans over the entire history of the Earth Prison.

However, during my time with MOM, as she taught me to forgive my brother, Enoch, and Michael again, she also taught me how to respect you human bastards, the relative, and all of the creation.

And love you humans, too.

She asked me to protect you, cause, even though you're one of the

ugliest and disrespected creatures of the galaxy, you still belong here. You need to be protected, loved, and respected. Not enslaved, eaten, and hunted or destroyed for fun – or for your planet's natural resources.

I gave her my word.

And currently that's what I am doing. I have been in this human prison body on this planet protesting for the last six hundred million human lifetimes. That's what my father ADAM told me in our meeting this morning when he was asking me to come home.

My reply to him, "600 million, is that all?" "I knew you would say that - you're just like your mom," was his response.

I protest against my big brother CAIN, trying to teach him to love his creation, as I do, and as mom did. In the Milky Way prison galaxy, on the prison earth. I have been in conversation after conversation for eons with the KING LORD GOD, and the others that come and try to bust me out, about you humans and the good qualities you have and, also,

what CAIN and his Allies put you humans through. I tell them everything about you. When, and every time, I die in my human form, I go home, tell the GODS everything I know. And come immediately back.

CAIN and his allies hunt me, of course; always jail me if they find me – just to keep me quiet. CAIN has his own supporters too, back home and here.

Dad is ready for your awakening. The KING LORD GOD is curious and possibly still “maybe/maybe not” undecided. Time will tell.

Dad warned that the next four hundred years will be hard for the humans and the Earth, as Niburu is where Cain will molt. And, as Niburu sits massive in the sky, it will block out your sun. Naturally this is going to cause problems and conditions to change down here on the Earth’s surface. And at this time, as I have said, the Earth is only a prison - and quarantined from the galaxy. So, at this time, I can find NO authority that

cares what this might do to you humans, or this planet.

The GODS and the Galactic Empire also have another problem to contend with if the GODS are going to assimilate you into the Galactic REPUBLIC. You humans dehydrate and defecate. And, at this time, there are no water fountains or bathrooms anywhere in the Galaxy. What are they going to do about that? And how long will that take to figure out and fix? And if and when you do show up, are they going to catch the Relative, get sick, catch farting, catch a pimple, or age and die? No GOD wants that.

Your very existence, and the relatives' existence, has been a very long – sometimes brutal argument- for eons now. Sometimes the Galaxy has been much divided on what to do with you. This is a debate that's gone back and forth forever, just as I have stood with you humans forever.

## **Chapter SEVEN**

### **THE IMMACULATE CREATION**

Let me explain to you, the courts, and you jurors about immaculate creation and why this is so highly treasonous where I come from. The Galaxy is so much bigger than anything you could ever imagine, however, that's because we have been here for a very long time. And we create us, your true GODS - the shapeshifters. The good book says you were created in his image, doesn't it? And you are a shape shifter, just not as highly evolved yet.

We learned to create from the OTHERS, our grand teacher masters, and creation is a process. No ONE GOD can just create. There must be a union and a voting process. It takes a

lot of time because there must be a balance for EVERYTHING to continue to exist. Whatever is created must exist and be placed in a certain spot and contain certain qualities of the two gods in order for it to be. A tribe council votes on where to put the creation so that other GODS can raise and watch over the creation - for whatever purpose the creation serves.

Such as, there is one creation, that you would call a sun, in another galaxy. We were allowed to create this sun to harvest energy, back when we still had to use what you call mechanics. If one GOD creates without a vote, EVERYTHING - and that includes the other dimensions and Galaxies we do not have dominion over or might be a part of another kingdom - this could start a war between different galaxies, universe, dimensions, and even - between different times.

Thus, very frowned upon and just doesn't happen. Ask Lucifer what happens when a GOD does an immaculate creation, and He will tell you that you are stripped of your GOD status, banished from the kingdom,



and you will have to spend eternity with your creation.

So this is how CAIN used his authority to uncover the creation. And, as Lord, He used his authority to expose the relative and more of the creation. Now I've told you about the relative already, but let's recap.

The relative, as I have said before, has never existed EVER, anywhere, in this galaxy, universe, or dimension. Not anywhere, no way, no how. It is completely unique. The relative causes PHYSICAL. The RELATIVE, in my opinion, is the evolution of the spiritual. As mother insisted.

The RELATIVE was said to be created out of an immaculate creation and given SHAME status by the galactic council.

The relevant is physical and causes emotions, decay, and death, which our kingdom overcame eons ago and it hasn't happened in our spiritual kingdom for a very, very, very long time. Our kind have created ways to stay alive forever, but your relative beat everything we developed to stay

alive. Half of our kingdom was wiped out upon its discovery. And the fear this caused among the GODS helped CAIN convict Mother at the trial.

The Creation was given SHAME status. The same way you CAN NOT just create; you also CAN NOT simply just destroy, for this too can cause an imbalance in all things.

There must be a balance.

Also unique to the relevant is how the Relative is physical. We spirits and souls are not physical. We do not have skin. We do not have feelings. We do not show emotions and we do not have taste or feel intoxication. Plus, we don't have eyes like yours. We cannot see eye to eye. Plus, everything you touch will grow up, decay, and even die. Everything.

So, you can see how some very advanced GODS do not want your kind around. You humans must understand that everything balances on THE EXISTENCE. The existence is about half the size of one grain of salt. When your human scientists look out into the horizon, I want them to realize that this dimension is very thin and like a

plane of glass. This dimension is as thin as a paper cut, but as big as the imagination.

And, like I said, that plane of glass is balanced perfectly on the existence, and the existence is half the size of one grain of salt.

So, you could understand, if we tip over this plane we're on, everything - including our kingdom and the other GODS- will disappear. This is about their survival. And the other creator, our elders' creator, will have to start over. And the elders don't want that either. Just like your dominion's overseer, THE KING LORD GOD - the elder creator is also loving and needs companionship.

Let me explain things to you this way humans.... You are one speck of sand on a very big and very vast beach. AND NOBODY WANTS - YOUR KIND HERE.

**THIS IS A REPUBLIC PLACE.**

THIS IS A REPUBLIC PROPERTY.

THIS IS FOR THE REPUBLIC ONLY.

AND YOU ARE - NOT - PART OF THE  
REPUBLIC.

YOU MUST MOVE ALONG, HUMAN.

OR I WILL BE FORCED TO CALL  
POLICE.

And "IF" I were a cop in CAIN'S  
crew, I'd wake you humans up after I  
had ten of my cop buddies with me.  
And - just for kicks- I'd shove my gun  
into your unarmed face and tell you,

"Hey buddy, yeah, time to go,  
human. Yeah, uh, we know - YOUR  
KIND - sleep, BUT, your kind - CAN'T  
SLEEP here.

It's against the law.

Never mind this is OUR church.

Consider this your warning."

You humans are born of sin and  
SHAME and there isn't anyone who  
cares. Not no-one. And, human, it's  
taken me an awful many lifetimes to  
care for you. A very long time. Many  
lifetimes.

I'm ready to give up!!!

Cause, jury, let's admit it and be honest. You take care of the things with tails better than you take care of some of your own family members. How many prophets and messiahs are you humans going to kill?

What about robbing homeless people?

Humans are ugly, you get old, you get pimples, and YOU DIE – poop, fart, pee. Even I sometimes hate this human experience. I do. I truly do.

Your soul doesn't die, but your body does. And when you're reborn, you don't remember anything from your past.

And we, as GODS, can't figure this out. And it's contagious. What are we GODS supposed to do with you?

The SHAME CREATION is the explanation as to why the church says to you, "humans are born of shame"  
AS SOON AS YOUR KIND ARE BORN.

Never mind your history.

Does this make sense, jury?

Let me explain. In your world, your time, things back in our world take a long time to get here. Time is irrelevant back there.

BUT HERE?!!! Try to get your human manager at work to cut you some slack on being late 17 minutes. Time is obviously an issue here on Earth, SAME WITH YOU HUMANS AND ME.

-Thus, the problem.....

-I am running out of time, cause look, if you go - I GO WITH YOU (and I do miss my kingdom).

Love one another from this day forth, and maybe – just maybe- we can turn this vote our way.

-Look, jury, it's been my experience in the past 600 million human lifetimes, that MIRACLES – ALWAYS – come at the last minute. And saving you is going to take a miracle.

IF YOU DON'T CHANGE YOUR WAYS. AND, EVEN IF YOU DO CHANGE YOUR WAYS.

JURY, THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A  
MIRACLE.

But if the humans and I can't be  
heard, at least I, ABEL- ABEL TO DO  
ANYTHING- at least I am ABEL to use  
my voice.

## **Chapter EIGHT**

### **Dad Calls Finally**

Dad, and everyone else, are so  
evolved back home, he asked me why  
I chose the Prison Host Body Mikel  
Neily Jr., "the world and CAIN'S F.O.P.  
allies treat him like shit."

"Yeah, I know, Dad, but Texans  
are a special breed of human, and  
putting out fires and working side by  
side with the brave is such a blast,  
dad. Sleep is soooooo good after work  
too. It's so beautiful out there in the  
mountains. Get to see all types of your  
animals' father."

"What about ignorance?  
Wouldn't you rather KNOW than  
learn?"

“Dad. Discovery is fun. There is nothing like the feeling you get after the words, “WOW! NO SHIT!”

“And that thing the humans do with their eyes, with the water.....”

-“Oh? Crying?” I said.

-“Yes, is that fun?”

“That one is tricky, DAD, it just all depends on what you’re crying about. Mikel cried when his daughter was born, they were tears of joy. And he cried a lot when his divorce happened, and he came to terms with losing his daughter. Both different types of crying.”

“What about emotions?”

“Once again, depends. They can be fun.”

“HOWEVER, AS A DIPLOMAT TO THESE HUMANS AND TO THE GALACTIC EMPIRE AS WELL, I DON’T THINK EVERYONE ELSE in the galactic empire SHOULD HAVE ANY EMOTIONS TILL MUCH, MUCH MORE EVOLUTION AND AWARENESS HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.”



“For example, just the word MOTHER FUCKER can get a human killed. And these aren’t the only words that have that type of power over human emotions that could get one human killed by another human. And the entire galactic empire is NOT ready for this – that’s my humble opinion about emotions.”

–“I’m so proud you like the Grateful Dead, son.”

“Best work ethic in the industry, Dad, and I still appreciate yours and mom’s work ethic. Literally almost the only thing I could find on this planet that reminds me of you. Plus, everyone hates them, or doesn’t understand them, or they are afraid of them. Just like you. Just like Mom, and Jesus. Plus, I miss you guys.”

“I want to come home, Dad, I truly do – however, I have a commitment to Mikel’s father, mother, son, daughter, sister, brother-in-law, nephew, niece, and cousins too. Let’s just hope the vote goes our way this time.”

“Dad, I love you as much as my mother, although we are apart. I AM

going to be a good KING, my struggle will pay off, and my suffering will make me a better KING. Please trust me, Dad."

"Son, I have to tell you something. The last time you confronted CAIN and walked thirty miles through the battlefield to give CAIN that book, well, word got out and now there's a gift giving holiday in some Galaxies. Slaves share books with each other and their masters in honor of that event, in support of your actions. You're already a famous King."

- "What the fuck did you just tell me!?"

"Yes, you heard me correct, ABEL, you created a holiday on other slave planets and Galaxies that night by giving CAIN that book, instead of killing him the way you wanted. I'm proud of you for that. And you're famous."

## **Chapter NINE**

### **THE SECOND AWAKENING**

Arcata, California March 1st ,2010 -

This is my second awakening in this human prison body named Mikel Neily. During my first awakening was when I confronted my brother CAIN for the first time in this lifetime, after many lifetimes of fighting and abuse. After millions of them, we could finally talk.

After our talk, I wandered the streets of Arcata and sat down as the God, RAH, quietly talked to me about who I was- ABEL, ABEL TO DO ANYTHING- and our family history. RAH reminded me, in his soft voice - just giving me clues, about the original creation of mankind, and the rape that I had forgotten about.

I remember the rage I felt when I put the pieces together, that CAIN - not ADAM, had mated mom and created this mess.

**YOU MEAN, CAIN'S A MOTHER  
FUCKER?!**

Which helped me understand why, as I ABEL, talking to my brother CAIN earlier in that hotel room, exactly WHY I kept calling this man, my brother, a MF. Helped me understand why I said what I said when I left his

hotel room. (CAIN, I have been more than patient with you. If you don't change your mind about the humans this time, the next time you read that stupid book you wrote, it's gonna say ABEL KILLED CAIN, MF.)

At the time, I truly had no idea why I kept saying MF to CAIN. Here he was, my brother, this is our first meeting, and just like scratching poison oak – I couldn't stop myself. I had to do it.

One moment we were talking about democracy and CAIN was explaining why it doesn't work. I'm pretty certain this is when the name calling started, because I defiantly said to him in a loud voice, "Democracy doesn't work cause you won't let it work, MF."

He started to say something about the corruption of Democracy again, and that's when I yelled, "DEMOCRACY IS PERFECT, MF, AND DON'T YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT IT WHEN IT WAS YOUR IDEA!"

Even though I was awake enough to know the name of my soul, I still had no recollection of how we, or

I, got here, or why I was still here. The anger I felt upon learning the truth of the creation, the shame, and the rape of my mother EVE, sent me into a fit of rage. And my poor human prison body, Mikel, had to spend some time in the Looney Bin and Humboldt County Jail for that.

Poor guy. No crime committed. Just one pissed off soul that was expressing itself.

Recently, and as to why we are experiencing my second awakening, my poor human has had a run of bad luck. He's lost his job, his house burned down, he's living under a bridge in a new town with no friends, and his family has all turned their back on him here on Earth. He felt terrible when his daughter and mother said they never wanted to speak to him again and tried to kill himself.

The watchers' and ADAM had sent demons here to Earth to help Mikel. Gave him a shot and stayed with him through the night to help keep him alive. In a show of good faith that this was a wise choice to take the demons help, Mikel received a phone

call from his mortal father. A father who hasn't called Mikel in over NINE YEARS. And also told Mikel he never wanted to talk to him FIVE years ago.

Had that father waited another hour, another ten minutes, another day, another week, another year - to make that call, neither Mikel, nor I, would be here right now. It was that one phone call, the call from his mortal father, and the help from the demons, that kept Mikel company - that stopped his suicidal desire.

Hope was not totally lost.

Mikel's leg had swollen up and he couldn't walk for two days. My prison host body Mikel was stuck at his homeless camp for three days under a bridge near the Santa Cruz wash in the city of Tucson, AZ.

At this camp, Mikel had a large pile of sticks and wood next to his sleeping spot. On this pile of wood was this one medium sized stump piece. And Mikel and I kept noticing that this piece of wood keeps changing shape. One minute it looks like a laughing clown, the next a deadly clown, then a laughing bear, then a grateful dead

symbol. Plus, we would leave and come back, and the stump would be completely turned around, or moved to the other side of the pile, or even flipped over, as if somebody had moved it.

Then we started hearing the voice. This voice was not only familiar to Mikel, the human prison host, but to me as well since I hadn't heard this voice for quite some time. One time, Mikel had been in a car accident and told he would never walk again by the doctor. This same voice, the voice of my father ADAM, told Mikel to get up and walk.

Mikel told the voice, "I can't. The doctor just said I'm crippled."

Dad said to Mikel, "Uh yeah, about that. Mikel, he's a man and I AM A GOD - who you going to listen to?"

"Well, when you put it like that." And Mikel got up and walked away.

This was also the voice that led Mikel to TAOS, NM; where he would meet his future ex-wife, fight fires, and have a child named Shaolin. Neither of

them knew at the time, but Mikel's ex-wife was with him in the hospital room and was the only other person to hear the doctor tell Mikel that he would never walk again.

Before I awoke, ADAM my father, talked to Mikel about why his father had called, and why his father hadn't called for nine years. And then I awoke when he said ".....I am your true father. I want to talk to you son."

"ADAM, is that really you?  
Dad!!"

"Yes, son, how are you?"

"Uh? Really, Dad? Seriously? I'm living under a bridge - does that sum it up? Or do you need more?"

"I see that, ABEL. Now, Mikel, I will ask you something I've asked you before; what do you want out of life?"

And I loved Mikel's response,  
"Lord, I want success."

"Success means lots of failing,  
Mikel."



“As you can tell, we got that down perfect, father. So I bet we can handle it.”

“What kind of success do you want, Mikel?”

“You know, Lord, after what happened last time, and a few other times, I’m going to leave that vague this time. Last time that I gave you a detailed list, my daughter was hurt and it destroyed the family. And, as you can tell, I’m not doing well either. Besides, if you just open the right doors for me, I can easily handle the rest, LORD. I’m not as young as I used to be.”

“-OK. But seriously, Mikel, I need a little more, tell me what kind of success?”

“I want success in every job I do. I want success in learning my skills and crafts. And I want success in creating a foundation for my family - the Neilly’s - that will never be washed away with time as though it were carved from stone. Not even water, fire, or wind could take this foundation away from this earth. Is that good enough for you, LORD?”

“Yes.”

As Mikel and I talked with this shapeshifter God ADAM, all sorts of creatures were coming out of his face. Even his clothes were made from animals that were always changing. Sometimes ADAM even had three and four and sometimes five faces. He was continually shape shifting.

Anybody would find this creepy.

Possibly even terrifying. But as I am Mikel - and Mikel is me, ABEL- we found this to be both fascinating and beautiful, and fun to watch. This shape shifting GOD, ADAM, is also my father, who I hadn't seen face to face in this lifetime yet. And honestly, I don't know with any certainty that I, ABEL, have ever seen my father here on earth. Ever.

“Son, you have been gone so long, why won't you leave this dump?”

“Dad, you know my commitment is to Mother and her dream.”

“I don't like to see you suffering.”

“The more I suffer, the better KING I will be. You want to trust me with your kingdom, don’t you?”

“I already trust you will make a fine King, son. I want to take you home. I am lonely and I’m ready for my grandson.”

“Hate to break it to you, dad, but I intend to raise those kids here first. With Mikel.”

“Why? This place is a dump?”

“Wasn’t always. Remember when it was just the four of us living here with the originals? It was beautiful back then.”

“Yes. Yes, I do. That’s why I don’t come back here very often. ABEL, I don’t want you raising my grandkids in such a place as this.”

“Dad? When do I get to be an adult? When are my decisions listened to and respected?”

“I see. You’re right. I must respect your decision as though they were my own. But ABEL, you know what’s going to happen when Niburu gets here for CAIN’S molting. The

rumors of famine, drought, and disease are true. Do you want to be here for that?"

"Not particularly, Dad, no. But if the vote doesn't go our way, I will have to for mother. I gave her my word. I will NEVER give up. Not on her, her legacy, or her desire. OR THIS DUMP, EITHER."

"ABEL, what about your kingdom back home? You're greatly missed and loved there."

"What about Mikel and his mortal family?"

"That THING? Why should I care? We kill him, his family moves on."

"No, DAD. Mom wouldn't allow you to talk to Mikel that way, or about him like that, and neither will I. His life is important to him, equally as much as it is to me, your son. Help him. Don't kill him. Besides, that would leave a mark of shame on his mortal family. His mother, DAD, she is an angel. And his father has done nothing but be a good servant to you, has he not? Those two deserve better."

“And, father, Mikel’s daughter, Shaolin, man – DAD, I’m telling you, there’s something about that girl. She doesn’t deserve that. Pull rank on me and kill Mikel tonight- she will suffer a shame mark for a lifetime. None of us need that.”

“I need you home, son. You have been here 600 million human lifetimes doing this protest....isn’t that enough?”

“600 million? Is that all?”

“I knew you would say something like that, son. You are just like your mom EVE.”

“I miss her, DAD. I really do. I’m glad CAIN has her eyes, so he has to always be reminded when he looks at himself in the mirror.”

“I have to tell you, son, when news got back to me about how you hit your brother in the chamber when the verdict was read – I was so proud of you. I’m still proud of you. So much has changed back home. Our kingdom is ten times the size it was before your protest began. The implants we use now are organic, son.”

"I don't want that yet, father, didn't you hear what Mikel and I have asked for?"

"Your wife is back home, not here."

"You will have to send her here."

"To this dump?"

"It's not really that bad if you're a human and it's all you know. I love it. And obviously, I would die another 600 million more human lifetimes - or more- to defend it. I LOVE YOU, DAD, but I gave MOM my word, and I love mom too. You will just have to trust me."

"OK. I am not used to doing that, but you sound pretty sure of yourself. That makes me proud."

"Do I sound sure of myself. That's good to hear? Cause sometimes I feel like this is hopeless with CAIN and the council. It's been so long."

"Son, the tide is turning. Because of what you've done, and what Jesus and the others have told us, we have more support than ever."

Even Krishna is on your side, well the side of democracy anyways."

"WHAT? He hates me?"

"Son, I want to tell you something. Because of what you did for CAIN the last time you two spoke, CAIN has allowed a gift giving holiday on other slave planets. And the word got out about how you crossed a battlefield to give CAIN a book, to stop a battle. Slaves have started their own book giving holiday. A book giving holiday in your honor."

"What the fuck did you just say!?"

"I'M SERIOUS, son."

"Is that why my daughter, Shaolin, is into books, lord?"

"Possibly, Mikel, possibly."

"Are you Mescalito?"

"No, Mikel, but he is a brother of mine."

"That one little act of compassion, Dad, did that to CAIN? Started holidays across the galaxy for other slave planets?"

“Yes.”

“Are you for real? That’s crazy!”

“Oh, ABEL, you have been human so long I can barely stand the sight of you, much less understand anything you say. What did you just say?”

“That’s AWESOME!”

“What?”

“Never mind. That means it’s a good thing.”

## **Chapter TEN**

### **Life ain’t easy for a boy named....**

Pt. 1

I’m the prison host body, Mikel.

How do you think I feel?

Here I am stuck in this inter-galactic family feud between CAIN and ABEL from the Bible, and not even the GOD, or ADAM, I mean, gives one shit about me? – “What’s that thing? We kill him, and his family moves on.”

WTH?



One day I'm a Hot Shot wildland fireman for the USFS, who had to retire when Eureka Ca. Police Officer Mark Bitchup broke my knee, and in that same year lost 19 friends working a fire in Yarnell, AZ.

BUT NOW I'M THE PRISON HOST BODY OF ABEL!?

FROM THE BIBLE!?

WTH?

And the stuff this guy is saying.....

I mean ABEL'S right, my father, MIKE Sr., is a good servant to God. And my mother, SHE IS AN ANGEL. In my opinion.

But I'm just a THING?

Let me put it to you this way. I'm a human and I'm having a tough time already. I DON'T NEED THIS. Would you?

Gotta go to work.

No. The gods need to talk right now.

TELL THAT TO MY BOSS!! I have a life to live too, you know. All you

three are doing is using me to argue  
and driving me crazy. I

DON'T NEED IT. NOT ADAM,  
NOT CAIN, NOT EVEN ABEL. I have my  
own family struggles, and helping your  
family ISN'T helping mine. Get lost,  
ALL THREE OF YOU.

Look, here's how I see it.

If you are truly Gods, and ADAM  
– I do truly appreciate my legs, but  
look – I'm sick of being stuck in the  
middle of this. And I'm tired of what it  
takes to get y'all together. I might've  
liked drugs when I was young, but it's  
not my thing anymore. Y'all wanna  
talk, that's fine. But I personally feel  
like you three are taking advantage of  
my six years on Grateful Dead Tour.

“Kill me? His family moves on?”

I'm sorry God but, FUMF!

Just find another “that thing” to  
use. I have a life too, YA KNOW.

I might be only one in 600  
Million to you, but, JUST like you, I am  
ONE to me. And I am an important  
ONE, if only to myself.

## Pt. 2

I can remember the day ABEL awoke and met CAIN for the first time again (this lifetime) back in Humboldt County. March 1st, 2010, I never understood, as Mikel, what was happening. Why was this so intense? And how did I have this love for this stranger? A love, I, as Mikel, haven't felt for another man - ever- in this lifetime since the passing of my brother. Looking back from before Topher's death 20 years ago.

I've only known this invalid stranger a few short minutes.

Why does he keep calling me ABEL?

Why do I keep calling him, CAIN?

And saying "mf" after almost everything I say to this guy? He's a stranger, and an invalid, and, for Pete's sake, an invalid stranger that just bought me a beer.

What's MY problem?

Where did my manners go?

Why is this going on for four hours?

And why are we talking about the fate of humanity like we are not human ourselves? And the Earth, too?

What's going on?

I remember the talk with the sun God, Rah, when ABEL and I left CAIN behind. I remember the rage ABEL felt, and expressed, when ABEL was reminded of the creation- and the rape between CAIN and his mother, EVE. It literally took the mighty voice of Jesus over and over, all night long, to remind us,

THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

That's when ABEL decided that instead of killing CAIN, he would do something CAIN had asked for. CAIN said that all he wanted was to read a book. So instead of killing CAIN, ABEL walked thirty miles, from Arcata, CA - to the Deadwood College, just to retrieve a book, THE LOST HERO, and walk that book back to CAIN in Eureka, CA. A book my daughter, Shaolin, had just recently sent me, Mikel, for Father's Day.

ABEL and I, Mikel, walked all the way from Arcata to College of the Deadwood back to Eureka just to give CAIN what he asked for - a book to read. This stopped the entire destruction of another slave planet. Called off some type of attack. (Somewhere else in the galaxy, I guess.). What I can tell you is this; because of all the information ABEL was getting, that during this event, I - Mikel- went nuts.

Literally.

I was seeing five types of aliens that were living on top of us. And they hated us humans. Their eyes were different than ours. Some of the alien's eyes blinked in an opposite direction. Some had no eyes at all. And there were others that had light behind their eyes. There were even Vampires as well. Literal vampires. I bummed a smoke off one waiting for the bus.

It was nice to hear the voice of GOD again. Or ADAM, I mean. Because, in my own lifetime, I have had my own experience with God's voice.

Or ADAM'S voice, I mean.

I have often followed THIS voice.

His voice, the voice of ADAM, got me out of a wheelchair for life. Helped me become a firefighter for the USFS. Helped me smoke a joint on TAOS Mountain. (Not bad for a white guy). Even helped me meet my daughter's mother and lived out one of the coolest dreams a man could dream up.

I have followed this voice often.

However, from 2001 to October 16th 2010 I haven't heard not one peep out of this voice. The last thing I heard the voice of GOD say to me, until this moment, was - simply

"Trust me. This is my will."

Eureka Police Officer Mark Bitchup and his partner, Rookie Officer Lane Rabang, were beating me up. Officer Mark Bitchup kept telling me, "prepare to die, homeless man, prepare to die." He was laughing and having so much fun. Officer Lane Rabang admitted to me that, "My

favorite part of my job is making you homeless people scream in PAIN - NOW SCREAM” as Lame Rabang tried to break my wrist twisting the handcuffs.

The fifth time Officer Bitchup was choking me unconscious, I thought for certain “this is it; this is how my life ends”. And that’s when GOD, I mean ADAM, said to me -

“TRUST ME. This is my will.”

When Officer Bitchup ordered Officer Lame Rabang to lie to the jury, I knew what GOD wanted me to do and why I was here. Why they were beating me. I ended up fighting the Humboldt County police department for my freedom in a trial that lasted over three weeks; and a year in custody waiting for my trial.

A trumped-up trial at that. Trumped up charges and a closing argument from the district attorney that lasted nine days in an effort to irritate the jurors. Trying to irritate

them and force a guilty verdict (Didn't work). This event would ruin my fire career when Officer Mark Bitchup stuck his mag light behind my knee and pushed down, until my knee was ruined forever, and broke it. So, as you can see, after just this one event - why I, Mikel, am hesitant to put complete blind faith- again - in God, or ADAM, I mean.

And there are other events as well.

When I went nuts from the PCP attack at the hands of the football players of Deadwood College, the hospital fed me all kinds of pills. They fried out my brain. It took four years for me to feel like myself again from that event. For a while I thought the meeting with CAIN was just my imagination. And I haven't, until now, told anyone about this. You are the first person I have told.

I've been under extreme stress again. For I have just started a new life in Tucson and I'm homeless - again- because of a house fire.

And, yeah, I did go over the edge intentionally last night. I'm tired



of the suffering when I'm supposed to be doing the right thing – the will of GOD. Where is my reward for being a humble steward?

When I was in Bisbee back in August, I did acquire some Bat Medicine. And Bat Medicine is the magic of death and rebirth. Seven out of ten shaman die from it. And I did die last week. TWICE! And I was on the third attempt to die that week, this time intentional, when demons and a shape shifter GOD, named ADAM, showed up with that all too familiar voice – the voice I have followed since I first heard it back in 1999 in San Antonio, TX.

When ADAM and ABEL talked last time one of the things I said to ADAM was this; I don't mind being a host body to royalty, but look, I'm tired of my mind being pushed by drugs in order for you three to talk. Or - you and I, ADAM - for that matter (even though that hasn't always been the case).

And, thankfully, ADAM agreed.

**Chapter ELEVEN**  
**YOU WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN?**  
**Pt. 1**

As Mikel, I wish I could say with any certainty that the story of ABEL and CAIN was false. Let me explain my point of view (first). Let's keep ABEL and CAIN out of the picture and let me just explain me - MIKEL.

I've definitely had a strange life.

Indeed, I have.

Very spoiled as a youth into my twenties growing up in Dallas, TX. I was the orneriest and the stupidest person behind the wheel of a car until I calmed down in my thirties. Raised in the church on my dad's side of the SPLIT – family. I went to church, when I lived with him for a brief stint, six days a week – twice on Wednesday and twice on Sunday. When I lived with my mortal father, Mike Sr., I went to a religious school and Bible was always the first and third class of the day.

I hated it. Because of all the hypocrisy and obvious scams. The church my father went to back then was huge for its time. Led by a crooked televangelist named Robert Tilton, who was matched only by Oral Ray Roberts of Oklahoma at the time. Therefore, because of the numbers, the hypocrisy was over abundant. And I would always cite Bible verse and number, or commandment, anytime I saw hypocrisy from authority. Just like an NFL football game referee throwing his yellow flag during a foul play.

Anytime I saw hypocrisy I dropped commandment or book, chapter, and verse. I would cite verse or commandment verbatim .... get scolded by hypocritical authority, and reply to said hypocrite by saying, "This is for your protection. I don't want you spending eternity in HELL. "

This happened almost daily. I was a hero to my 30 other classmates. There was one time at this church, they were having a "REVIVAL".

This is where the spirit of GOD has come down to the church and Miracles were abundant. Crazy stuff like people becoming slain in the spirit would happen.

Being "slain in the spirit" is when a Christian is walking, minding their own business, and an ANGEL OF GOD would smite said person. They would fall down and be out for a minute or two, sometimes as long as thirty minutes - and go to heaven for a visit. With my then mortal brother, Tohper, his "slain in the spirit" episode lasted for thirty minutes right as everybody was getting out of school - RIGHT, FRONT AND CENTER OF THE

ONLY EXIT (always the attention hog) – so I have my doubts about “slain in the spirit”.

The people who were being slain in the spirit claim that, while they are “slain in the spirit,” they “go to heaven and get to walk around. Talk to dead relatives.” This happened everywhere. On stairs. In hallways. In the elevator. On stage in front of a televised audience and – if you’re my brother, for thirty minutes, blocking the exit for every parent picking up their children from school.

At the height of this “REVIVAL”, the spirit of Jesus came during a sermon, walked around the entire church, went through an air conditioning vent, and left his image behind to prove that it happened, IN DUST. And only one person, the quarterback for the football team’s mother, who was also an original member of the church, saw this event happen. The church decreed, “This is a miracle air conditioning vent!” and roped it off with red velvet rope for all the “believers” to see - for two months.

In fact, our entire class of 31, stopped class one day and went across the street to look at the “miracle A/C duct with the dusty image of Jesus on it”. Now keep in mind, only the believers can see this “miracle,” and those that couldn’t were going to spend eternity in HELL.

So, at a religious school, seeing this before finals, was very important. And as we sat there, the A + students immediately saw it, and slowly the others followed. Until there were four of us left. Liz, Chris, the quarterback whose mother was the one, and only one, to see the miracle from start to a/c duct completion, and of course - me.

Liz was the first to go. “Oh, I finally see it.” I don’t blame her. The teacher had just started the burning in hell bit for the first round of BELIEVE ME OR LIVE IN HELL. Chris, the quarterback, and I held out for another twenty minutes of YOUR GONNA BURN IN HELL IF YOU DON’T SEE IT, before Chris, who came from a large family in the church, crossed over.

Which left me and the quarterback, whose own mother started this entire fiasco to begin with. I gotta hand it to brother bear, he hung in there for a long time with me, at least another ten minutes. But what the teacher didn't know, was that Liz, Chris, QB, and I were doing was we were stalling the teacher till lunch. She didn't know that, but the four of us did.

And because she didn't know that, she was taking this very seriously. "Only the believers can see this miracle, if you don't see it - you don't believe in Jesus, you're damned to hell" (let me remind you we are only 14 years old) and the teacher's final strike to the QB was this, I will never forget it, because it was so below the belt - even for a person like her.

- "Bobby, it was your own mother that saw this miracle happen. How is she going to feel when I tell her that you think she's a liar, and you're going to burn in hell for eternity?"

(Damn? - Right? )

Well, that left just me, and we still had ten minutes till lunch. There was no image of Jesus in the dust of that vent. And I talked the QB, Chris, and Liz into this so I'd have a long time to look for it – but I never saw it. Trust me it wasn't there, just like my mortal brother, Topher, didn't go to heaven for thirty minutes, causing a traffic jam, when school got out either.

But, while teach is giving me the third degree about Hell, and how I can accept Christ right now and I will see the miracle. Liz and Chris – and even the entire honor roll to cross the line first; they couldn't take any more of the insults from teach, each of the students kept mouthing the words," just say you can see it."

-NO! - was my opinion. Cause I knew it wasn't there, now that I've spent twenty minutes looking at that dust. Not just no, but Hell no. I'm not lying for you, not about this, not about Jesus.

## **Pt. 2**

My mother likes to go to Gypsy's from time to time for fun. Over my lifetime she reports to me



what some of the most inspiring, or correct, psychics have said to her. This is over 45 years, of course. And, coming from more than one source, this is what my mother reports back to me when she visits. That I am a very old soul and, therefore, I will have a rough and unusual life.

OK.

NOW - lets you and I interrupt ABEL for a second. 600,000,000 human lifetimes. Yeah, I'd concur that's pretty old. And me, personally, I've gone to mediums as well. Some are fake.

Some are right on target. But there's one medium I will never get out of my head, because she wasn't faking, and it was strange.

I was between fire jobs with a very uncertain future as to whether I would ever fight fires again. So that was my motivation to see the medium. I will never forget this encounter. This woman was so astounded by what she witnessed or felt. So astounded that she had to sit in the corner, apologetically of course, and absorb things. She even cried. Not because of

what she had heard, but because she had heard.

I walked into the room, the girl wasn't really paying attention yet, and when she turned around, she immediately said "WHOA" - and had this look on her face like I was a giant. She had me lay down on her massage table and tried to get into her routine, but she had to stop, sit down - apologetically- cried for a minute, got herself together, looked up at me and said," Man, am I glad you showed up."

She confided in me why she felt the urge to cry for a minute. And that, yes, it is a fact that sometimes a medium will have to lie to a client. There's just nothing there. And, for her, there hadn't been anything there for a very long time. Just Straight Lies. This time away from her gift was starting to cause her concern, because she was afraid she'd have to change her life. Find another career. She was starting to fear that her gift was gone. Forever.

That was until I walked into the room.

Let me explain. I'm not much of a man. I'm only 5' 5.5" tall and weigh

130 lbs. There's not much of me here. But when I walked in that room and she looked at me for the first time and said "whoa" - that look on her face; it'll never go away from my mind.

She says to me, "You are not like anyone I've ever served. With you, I have my gift back. And you, sir, are surrounded by an army of angels."

I asked her about the firefighting. She replied, "that's indeed some of it. For sure. But that doesn't explain the other 98% of it. No. There's definitely something else going on with you. No. There's something more. And I don't understand it, nor can I explain it..."

She went on to explain that in a typical session with a client, a spirit would follow the client. Sometimes two and sometimes as many as five. And these spirits had many things to say to the client. "You, sir, have an army of spirits, and they are all dressed for battle and standing at attention, not saying a word. They are quiet and as tall as Goliath. The one spirit, who will talk to me, is obviously a fireman, and the only thing he said

to me, and what to tell you, was this –  
"ISN'T IT OBVIOUS WE WATCH OVER  
THIS ONE?"

Tell him to push on."

Now let's forward to my own  
dealings with what's been going on  
between ABEL, ADAM, and ME.

I gotta tell you, I have felt  
terrible knowing there's a GOD that  
doesn't care about me, my family, or  
my life anymore. "What? THAT THING?  
We kill him, his family moves on." Yo,  
man, that's not right.

Been prison host to ABEL for 45  
years and I have a missing family I'd  
like to see again, and not like a bum -  
the way it's been 1/3 of my adult life.  
Thought GOD, or ADAM and I, had a  
relationship. But now I see I'm just one  
of his "THAT THING." I got so upset  
after our meeting that I drank for  
three days wondering to myself, "Do I  
screw GOD, or ADAM, kill myself, and  
take the story of ABEL and CAIN to  
Hell with me?"

-Or do I, RIDE THE SNAKE,  
again?

The meetings between CAIN and ABEL, and ADAM and ABEL, and even ADAM and myself – these come often on the tail end, or during, a very eschewed reality. While meeting CAIN for the first time I had been given 10 grams of PCP without my knowledge. Because I didn't know what was happening to me, I talked a Dead Head friend of mine into giving me seven hits of LSD to balance out the unknown substance with a known substance. And while this concoction was brewing, I found and ate seven black and yellow mushrooms that I don't know what they were, and I honestly doubt that I will ever see this kind of mushroom again. But, after that, life got strange.

Now if it weren't for my youth, I probably wouldn't have survived this. I was very wild in Dallas, and I did Grateful Dead tour for six years. I did a lot of drugs in my past. But that meeting with CAIN took me almost four years to come to terms with. And you're the first person I have ever told about it. I never told the doctors at the Looney bin, or my mom, sister – no-one. Only two of my social media

friends know anything about that night. March 1st, 2010.

I've kept most of the details to myself till now. The only thing my social media friends saw was a friend of theirs losing his mind on the computer and saying weird stuff.

Now, I myself have sought GOD. In my late 20's I was addicted to heroin- and I hated it. The needles. The track marks. And not being able to quit. Hated all of it. I really wanted to stop. Didn't want to live that way. Tried to get a girl OFF HEROIN, and she got me ON HEROIN. To kick heroin, I chose three years of poverty, like a priest would, and traveled the country.

I took two verses from the Bible, which I can't remember which ones anymore, but one was about how God loves me so much that he knows how many hairs are on my head; and the other was about how GOD takes care of all the animals, including us humans. I prayed and said, "If those two lines aren't lies, GOD, reveal yourself to me."

With those two verses as my mantra, I did something I had never done before – put full blind faith in GOD as I hitchhiked from Texas to Pennsylvania for a National Rainbow Gathering in June of 1999.

I didn't run into or hear anything from a God that trip, or any other trip, until I landed in jail- San Antonio, Texas December 18th, 1999. There as I sat in a holding cell, cussing out God basically – which I call prayer sometimes - a voice came over me and I could literally hear and feel this voice. It wasn't like any other voice I've ever heard. Your voice goes into my ear. This voice resonated from inside me and all over my body. This voice told me it was GOD and asked me, "What do you want out of life, Mikel?"

"A life more important than going in and out of jail all the time. A life off of heroin. A dog. A cat. A wife. A house. A kid. – A life!"

And then the voice, calling himself GOD, proceeds to tell me, "go to TAOS, New Mexico, but before you go there – you must go to Angel Fire,

New Mexico. Go to TAOS. My Mountain NEEDS you.”

Pretty direct orders, right? But when I was released from jail, I did NOT do as I was told. Instead, I decided to do Dead Tour with my best friend Sammy (Who wants to follow voices in their head?).

I kept the idea in the back of my mind the entire time we were on tour. What if that was GOD?

We started out in Denver, Colorado And the first DEADHEAD we meet and hang out with was a guy named TREE HUGGER DAVE. And low and behold he happens to invite me to live with him at his home in ANGEL FIRE, New Mexico. So when I finally got stuck, and couldn't stay on Dead Tour anymore, I said “what have I got to lose?” and took my chances following the voice- claiming that he was GOD- all the way to TAOS, NM. To meet my wife, life, dog, cat, land, and kid. And start out in Angel Fire. And it worked out! Tree Hugger DID have a place for me to stay in Angel Fire.

Winter 2000.



Now here's where it gets interesting. Angel Fire is 25 miles away from TAOS. Taos is the county seat of the area, so all commerce and business happens there. I would have to hitchhike back and forth. Taos is very old. And hasn't lost any of its two-thousand-year-old culture or history. Still very rural and undeveloped at the time.

On the route between Angel Fire and TAOS, there was this authentic 1890 log cabin. To me it was beautiful. And one day I was dropped off in front of this house from a hitchhiking ride. And as I stood there admiring the log cabin house and hitching my next ride - I said to GOD, "Ok, man, here I am, and if you are who you say you are - and I'm supposed to have a family and what not - and I'm truly doing the right thing - then let it happen in that house right there."

And without going into too much detail about the years 2000 - 2003 right now, let me tell you that MY daughter, Shaolin, was born in that house. Sept. 6th, 2003. But those

years between 2000 and 2003 were not pretty or perfect.

My first year there I spent my first spring outside in four feet of snow. Angel Fire Police had run me out of town and were harassing me because none of the town folk could kick my ass. And even though the sheriff's son and his five wimpy friends did the best they could – I still gave junior his first broken nose. Daddy sheriff didn't like that much. His last words to me as he drove me out of town were this, "come back to Angel Fire, and I will arrest you and make up the charges." But breaking junior's nose is why they were stalking me still, a month later. Never found me but tried, nonetheless.

So, the first year wasn't pretty. I didn't become a fireman for another two years and wouldn't meet my future ex-wife for another year or more, not to mention Shaolin was totally off the radar at this time.

It was during that time in the snow, that the voice of god comes over me again for the third time. This time, we talked for a while. Like for

twenty minutes as I sat by the fire. We had a reckoning of my past. God told me to forgive myself. That I was only learning what I DON'T WANT out of life. And GOD informed me to stay patient and steadfast. These were the first three of many conversations with the voice of GOD, which has turned out to be ADAM.

Let's fast forward a minute. I meet this girl on DEAD TOUR with my best friend Sammy. It's me, Sammy, and this girl I'd known for nine days. She's giving us a ride to a show in St. Louis, Missouri. And in Joplin, Missouri, she falls asleep driving and we flip the car she was driving three and a half times. Sammy is thrown out the back window and he miraculously survives. I am terribly beaten up. And the girl driving? Not one scratch; well maybe one.

OK, one scratch.

I'm in the hospital. I'm in the recovery room. Sammy was released because he was, incredibly, ok.

I, however, was laid up in bed, hooked up to a push button morphine drip. The girl driving the car NEVER

LEFT my side. When they came to kick her out at night, she refused to go. She felt terrible for what had happened to me. And when the doctor came in my room at five a.m. to tell me I would be crippled for life, as soon as he left, this girl said, "Oh, Mikel, I'm so sorry." And she started to cry, a cry I have never heard - unless you are at a funeral parlor. She was really crying hard. She must've felt terrible. I looked like The Spirit of '76 painting. All three of those guys, wrapped into one.

And even though she herself never heard the voice of GOD come over me the Fourth time, she was there to witness the results of this conversation personally.

As I'm sitting there processing the information that I will never walk again, GOD- I mean ADAM- comes over me again, and says to me, "Mikel, get up - it's time to go...."

"I can't", I told the voice, "I'm crippled. Doctor says I will never walk again."

“Yeah, about that. He’s a man, Mikel, I am a GOD. Who are you going to listen to?”

What would you do? Tell you what I did. I said to the voice, “Well, when you put it like that.....” reached over to pull out the morphine IV, thought about it, hit the drip button three more times, waited ten seconds, and then pulled the IV out of my arm, looked at the girl crying and said, “Grab my stuff, Tristan, it’s time to go!!”

I still laugh when I remember the look on that girl’s face when I said that, “What did you just say!?”

“Grab my stuff, Tristan, it’s time to go.” Now I am NOT the perfect Christian, and I can string together a very long cuss word that my old school and church would send me to hell over, when the time is right. And that’s exactly what I did when I took my first step. And for that day, for our FOURTH verbal meeting, the Lord comes back to me and says to me (finally) “You’re doing great. Keep going. I never said it’d be easy.”

And to this day I can still walk.

THANK YOU, LORD, FOR MY LEGS.

(Or ADAM, I guess.)

I don't tell this story often, because I personally know people that can't use their legs. And each of them has the same desire in common. They really want GOD to give them back their legs. And I still don't personally understand why the LORD has granted me mine. Nor can I explain it. So, I keep this story to myself.

I told this same story to a preacher one time in California, and he believed that I was talking to the wrong GOD – that SATAN had given me my legs back, and that's why I was poor. (And also, because I smoke weed). So, I keep that story to myself. And tell people that will listen when the time is right.

### **Pt. 3**

Now let me tell you about the SECOND TIME I heard the voice of GOD- ADAM, I mean. It was when I was in that San Antonio jail in 1999. I had

been there four months. And one day my right ear swells up three times its natural size and forms a cyst with a head. I lanced the cyst. And while I was pushing all the puss and blood out of this cyst, an RFID implant pops out of my ear, along with the puss and blood. (? AN IMPLANT ?) YES, AN IMPLANT. It was metal and crystal and small like an earring back piece. And inside my body till now.

- How it got there? I don't know.

-What was it doing there? I don't know, either.

-And what it was for? I don't know.

But I figured it was a tracking device of some kind and stuck the RFID chip in a small hole in the wall of the jail cell. Thought, if this is a tracking device, let them think I'm in jail. As soon as I look at this RFID chip in my hand, the voice of GOD comes over me again and says, "NOW I CAN HELP YOU." But this time was different than the times before. This voice was male and female, talking in unison. And speaking in past, present, and future tense of all the different words.

These were the first FOUR TIMES I've heard and talked to the voice of God- or ADAM, I guess. I'm still coming to terms with this myself. The God I'm following is ADAM, and father to his symbiotic soul child ABEL - inside of me. And these events have happened sober and with witnesses.

Because since that time, March 2010, it has taken drugs - and most times, lots of drugs (on accident of course), to get this inner galactic family together.

It took a lot of drugs to make the FOURTH TIME happen. And it was the most amazing conversation. I know what you're thinking. What's more impressive than holding an RFID chip that came out of your body? Or getting your legs back after a car wreck from an angelic voice?

- Well, a thirty-minute conversation with GOD - that's what! (Or - ADAM, I guess.) This is still rather confusing to me.

#### **Pt. 4**



Sammy and I were back on Dead Tour together, Summer 2002. We were in Saratoga Springs, NY at the Saratoga Springs Performing Arts Center - otherwise known as SPAC. We were leaving. And, on our way out the parking lot, we were pulled over by police. Now, the life of a DEAD HEAD is real simple - drink lots of beer and eat grilled cheese sandwiches every day; sleep in cars, hotels and rest stops - coast to coast; sell drugs; stay away from police; flirt with pretty girls; and dance your ass off. Simple - real simple. But there are hazards. Like police.

Sammy and I had just come up on an eight ball of MDMA - ecstasy, molly, sass, thizz- whatever you want to call it, same thing. And since we were being pulled over by police, and I would rather die than go back to prison, I swallowed the eight ball of ecstasy. That's three and a half grams, for those that don't know what an eight ball is.

This is how it started. By the time we were let go by the police officer, I was higher than Ben Franklin's kite. And I will never forget

the look on that cop's face when he left, the look said, "what's different about that guy?" Because it took him thirty minutes to run the driver's ID and insurance, by the time he was finished with us those three and a half grams of MDMA were racing through my body.

Now I suggest that everyone should try some MDMA, once, at some time in their ADULT life (at least once). But DO NOT try three and a half grams at one time, please. You might die. And ABEL is not inside you. He is inside me. We stayed at a park next to a lake with other Dead Heads on tour. You gotta understand, tour is a party, and you make friends on tour. I was so messed up and funny looking (with my eyes all going berserk and my face all distorted from the MDMA), that no one I knew recognized me. Weeks later a friend of mine was telling me about "this one guy that was soooooo messed up" at the lake party. I had to tell the girl - that was me.

Now, all I did was walk in circles - ALL NIGHT LONG - at this lake party campsite. And I remember, this was after the hospital, after San Antonio,

after TAOS New Mexico, but still before I would meet my future ex-wife, kid, land, dog, car, life, business that the voice of GOD - or ADAM, had promised me. There I was locked in this circle I kept walking, and at one point I had to sit down. Where I sat down was at a table that had a jam box on it. And this is where I got MY MESSAGE.

Getting YOUR MESSAGE in Dead Head Land goes something like this - you take a bunch of drugs (on accident, of course), listen to the Dead, and you hear this one song. Now this one song you've either heard before, or never heard before - but what you hear - and what is playing - are two different things. The words of the song change, and it becomes a personal message to you. Your message.

I remember when mine started, I doubted what was happening to me, and confronted my message voice.

"This can't be GOD; this is Jerry Garcia."

"They have called me many things, Mikel." the voice replied.

I listened and then I asked questions. My very last question was, "When am I going to meet this girl that's going to have my kid?"

And the voice replied,

"YOU ALREADY HAVE. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET."

That was the last thing the voice of GOD, or ADAM, said to me that night. And I didn't hear his fatherly voice again until October 16th, 2010. When all ADAM said to me was this,

"TRUST ME. This is my will." This was while Officer Mark Bitchup and Lame Rabang of the Eureka Police Department of Humboldt County were beating me, literally, over nothing, in Eureka Ca. USA.

I hadn't heard from ADAM from that day till just the other day when I saw him face to face. NOW, you tell me - is this happening? Cause I can walk, I have a beautiful daughter by the woman who never left my side at the hospital when the Doctor said I would never walk again. I did fight fires - became a hot shot. And, I

swear, I did call some stranger CAIN for four hours and talk about the fate of humanity on some other planet. And, just recently, had a face to face encounter with a shape shifter that has the same voice of GOD that I have been following since I was 25, who calls himself my father - or to the father of my soul, ABEL.

Now, I'm not sure how this works. I don't know if ABEL is my soul. OR if ABEL just shares my soul with me. But these experiences are as real as the word on the paper you are reading. At least to me. I would like to think ABEL is symbiotic and that I have my own soul too.

And when I die, I can go to heaven or come back, or whatever, and ABEL can stay and protest, and we can catch up with each other later. But I have no idea how this works.

The RFID implant, the doctors' telling me I was crippled - both of these events had witnesses. And I was sober. So you can't say it's all in my mind and say it didn't happen.

This is really happening to me!

And I can't tell you how I feel, BUT this would explain the strange encounters with people. Like the one in Pontoon Beach, Illinois, Dec. 24th, 2007. When some people took me to their home, tied me up, and played three rounds of Russian roulette with me on Christmas Eve, 2007. Or why I didn't die.

And most recently, why three people surrounded me and threatened me with knives, as I just finished writing the most damning chapter to CAIN'S ego. They surrounded me - but can't touch me, because of ABEL. "This is just a scare tactic from big brother," were my soul's words to me.

But let's you and I think this through together. I was a fireman with USFS for six years - uh? Is there any question in your mind why death threats would even work with a person of this stature and mind set? There is obviously something wrong with your head if you think you can threaten a FIREMAN with death.

When the police officer-turned-detective Mark Bitchup, of the Eureka Police Department beat me, broke my

knee, scarred my face, and put me on trial, he lost - LIKE I KNEW HE WOULD. After the trial, on my way home for the first time in 11 months, an anonymous man gets on the bus with me and says some of the strangest things to me. Not only does he begin to tell me information about myself that only a cop would know, he threatens to kill me if I sue his boy toy Mark Bitchup.

It's not weird that two cops beat up or try to kill a homeless person; ask Kelly Thomas next time you see him (just doing their job). Or that one cop tells the other rookie cop, "you can lie to the jury. I do it all the time. You wouldn't believe how stupid they are. You should hear some of the lies I tell them, Rabang."

What is weird is this:

Weird is - when you think about this statement - from a dork pig threatening to kill me on my way home from the trial the F.O.P. lost. His exact words to me went something like this:

"We (cops) are the biggest gang in the world. And when we build the computer and gates big enough, and

strong enough, we intend to take over the WORLD!!!! Do you really want to fuck with us?"

### **HIS EXACT WORDS.**

But now it all makes sense! The new warden, the rise of the crooked F.O.P. state, wars that can't be won but can't be stopped either. Talking to CAIN, meeting ADAM, walking, Shaolin, the RFID chip, the heroin addiction - and the disappearance of the heroin addiction when the RFID implant was removed from my body.

I admit the F.O.P. douche really laid that, "I'm gonna kill you" jelly on real thick, very thick. Must've been one of the best performances of his career with protecting the public, and law enforcement, in Humboldt County, California. And probably the world as well. He has my vote for a Tony Award. But during this conversation, when this F.O.P. pig says, "I'm going to kill you personally" - I immediately respond with, "You better watch your mouth, pig, and look at who you're saying that to! I look Death in the face 24 hours a day, nine months a year, and you think that 'I'm gonna kill you'



really works on me!? I think you're a bitch and don't think you have the balls to touch me."

I literally said that. But where did that last part come from?

First part was definitely me. I am, or was till this event, a HOTSHOT FIREFIGHTER for the USFS. And trying to die in a wildfire had been a hobby of mine for the last six years. But where that, "I think you're a bitch and don't have the balls to touch me" came from is anybody's guess. I never wanted to say that to a cop, even if he is threatening to kill me. But that's pretty odd behavior from the fellow humans that surround us. Doing weird stuff. Saying pretty odd stuff and getting pretty odd results from me.

Like NOT DYING during three rounds of Russian Roulette. Or not begging for my life - but assuring him that I am not afraid of a lying cop and his F.O.P boy toy brothers. It's all starting to make sense to me now - WHY THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME!

They've wanted to stop ABEL from AWAKENING.

There's also this. I know it sounds good to say this to yourself, and I am not saying this to myself.

And it's nice to believe in yourself this way, but I don't think what's being said ABOUT ME, even applies to ME personally. However, before the Russian Roulette, and while I was living in Mendo and Humboldt, and even at rehab in my twenties, I have been called "THE CHOSEN ONE", by random and strange people.

In the park in Willits, CA., USA; this woman kept telling her husband in a hushed tone - "that's the chosen one." Let me remind you, I'm 5' 5.5" tall. That man laughed when she said it and said, "don't look much like a chosen one to me." And in Pontoon Beach, with the Russian roulette, that guy kept calling me THE CHOSEN ONE. And telling the other guy in the room with us that night this- "I told you he'd be here by Christmas. I told you." And it was December 24th.

Now think this through with me. If there is an ABEL - who is refusing to leave this prison Earth, trying to save humans- and he hasn't "CHOSEN" to

leave for 600,000,000 million lifetimes; he's here by choice - and the only one doing it, wouldn't that make ABEL, not me, "the CHOSEN ONE?"

This came to me last night and now it makes sense. One guy choosing to stand up for the human race, humans that are seemingly all alone in the universe, and those humans pray to a god - whatever one they choose - all around the world.

And then there's the word homeless that we all use in the English-speaking world.

Pardon me? Homeless? How could that be? Please explain yourself.

Because there is absolutely nothing on this planet that is HOMELESS. The only thing that could even possibly be HOMELESS on planet Earth, must not be FROM planet EARTH.

Because the earth is HOME to everything (that we are aware of) that exists (at this time) from and on Earth. Unless there's something we're not

being told. Never thought about that, did you?

When I think back about the conversation with CAIN, one matter ABEL brought up was “Why do you lie to them, CAIN? You tell them to BUILD you a SPACESHIP, but don’t tell them that THEY ARE ON A SPACESHIP!

WHY, CAIN? That’s stupid!”

As I write this and put this together myself, it’s all starting to make sense. Nobody can hear the voice of GOD, but I haven’t been following GOD. I’ve been following ADAM, who is another GOD. Father to ABEL, and CAIN. Now I understand why I can hear H.I.M.

- My poor MOTHER, bless her heart.

## **Chapter TWELVE**

### **ADAM SPEAKS**

Jury, humans; I am ADAM.

GRAND MASTER LIBRARIAN FOR THE KING LORD GOD, CREATOR OF LIGHT AND PROTECTOR OF FIRE. I am ABEL'S Father.

I want to take the beginning of my time to speak personally to Mikel's father. This is my voice, speaking to the father of Mikel, Mike Sr.

Sir, your son has been a fine man of God. Does almost everything I ask and EVERYTHING I COMMAND him to do, even if it costs him everything or could kill him. You should be proud of your son. How he's endured this long I will never know. My son must truly believe in your son's vision, and your kind.

I hope you don't mind how I shaped up your son, mine was stuck inside yours, and I'm trying to raise a

KING. As you can tell ABEL is young. He's defiant and won't turn his back on this place or you humans.

Stubborn as his Mother; that's where he gets it.

Mikel, if your son didn't believe and follow GOD, he would be in a wheelchair..... don't ever question his faith, or where his soul is going. Your son has saved the three lives that I've asked him to save. And one time he literally almost killed himself crossing the street trying to save one guy.

Mike Sr., your son also has hit every asshole I've asked him to hit- no matter the size, no matter the consequences.

And he's carried- and awoken- my son, ABEL, again. And now we can finish this fight, for the humans, the relative. Take the shame away. We can remove the shame from this region, give this region non-shame status, and move forward.

I'm proud of my son, ABEL.

He has stood up for the relative, and you humans, for so long, in so

many ways. Your kind have one fine god on your side, MIKE SR. And with me? That makes two.

There are more.

In the time ABEL has been here on earth protesting on the human's behalf, many other gods have changed their opinion about the relative, the humans, and the entire shame and the creation.

Mikel, let me tell you some things you don't know about your son. He has come back from having everything stolen from him countless times. It has happened so much, it'd make your head spin. He's a good man. And he'd have to be, to walk in your shadows and carry that honorable name Neily.

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU LISTENED TO ME TOO. AND MADE THAT PHONE CALL.

Sorry if I have caused you worries over your son. It won't be that way long. One father to another, I live by both our sons' wellbeing; and that boy, I am taking care of. Don't you worry anymore.

ABEL and I needed to get this message to CAIN as soon as possible.

CAIN, it's time we talked.

I forgive you, CAIN.

And I think it's time we move on.  
Release these humans. And take away the shame.

The KING LORD GOD has forgiven you and wants to restore peace and balance.

CAIN, I think ABEL's advice is right, you need to cry.

I agree with your brother; it's the only way to forgive yourself. You are a bit like the humans, but that's what is missing from you.

TEARS.

---

Mike Sr., Father to the human prison body Mikel Jr., let me tell you something more about your son you can be proud about. When he was high on PCP and black and yellow mushrooms, I told Mikel to go into the woods and sit at a king's seat.



Mikel walked by a bench, and it was very decorative, but Mikel walked on.

A few yards later your son found a humble stump and he knew right away that's the master's stump, because a true KING has no time to be vain or admired. As soon as he sat down, he was flooded with my sunshine because he chose wisely.

ABEL and I talked for a while through your son. When we were done and they left, I put a burning cross in the sky above Mikel and ABEL.

Mike Sr., I want to tell you that WITHOUT ANY HESITATION, WHATSOEVER, YOUR SON GOT DOWN ON ONE KNEE- NOBLY- AND SAID THIS:

"Father, forgive me for what I have done, and forgive me for what I might have to do."

I can tell you that at this time, my ABEL was just receiving, or remembering again and emotionally dealing with, the news of CAIN'S rape. So, the last part of that prayer was most likely my son. But I assure you, the first part of that prayer was

absolutely all your son, like a good Christian knight would say.

Not only that, Mike Sr., but your son went back to a house he had to run out of after the people of the house tried to kill him with three rounds of Russian roulette. Just to get that Red Fire Pack you bought him for work. If you asked Mikel Jr., he'd say it was because it had his socks and photo album in that pack. But you and I know it was for that pack. He cherished that pack and took it on every assignment he went on with the USFS. Patched side to side with all the parks Mikel had ever worked for in his brief six years of service.

Mike Sr., before your son fought fires the second time in Eureka Ca., Mikel was, of course, new to town and homeless. Mikel had all his chips on the line. It was a very desperate time for him, and he was very uncertain. I had to tell him something, just to keep him going. To keep him from giving up.

The library in Eureka CA. has a children's park on the north side with wooden tables for the public to sit at.

Mikel always smoked his first cigarette of the day here. So, I left your son one of his first physical divine messages.

I carved into the wooden table a SNAKE. A rattle snake. The snake was crooked, and, with each bend of the snake, I carved the initials of every state Mikel, and I, have been on this path together. TX, NM, AZ, SCA, NCA. With the words, RIDE THE SNAKE, below the entire piece.

Now, it would've taken a human an entire night to carve this. I carved it  $\frac{1}{4}$ " inches deep, put a rattle on the tail, and made it very big. Later, to prove that this was my divine message to Mikel, I erased it - three days later. With no trace that it was ever there. This was my way to tell Mikel to keep pushing. Keep moving forward.

And this would eventually include Mikel's first awakening with the football team, and the PCP, the Looney Bin, the Eureka Police that broke his knee. I needed him to go through HELL, so that ABEL could talk to CAIN.

Mikel's life might not have turned out the way you wanted, Mike Sr. However Mikel's life turned out the way THIS GOD wanted. Hope you don't mind.

## **Chapter THIRTEEN**

## **THE PUUUUUR-FECT MISTAKE**

CAIN, I want to tell the jurors something you did not know about your mother. Her most beloved creature out of all the relative's creation, from the shame birth came the Calico Cat. It was the Calico Cat that came from nowhere. Accept the accident that had created it. A unique mistake because of the immaculate creation from the relative.

You see, the Calico Cat wasn't a creation from the rape. She and you had absolutely no part to do in its creation. It happened over time through love and evolution. The Calico Cat was beautiful and a combination of everything. A mistake, as you would say, CAIN.

Her reasons for loving this creature, she said, was that it had the character of all the people she loved. She said, "It could fight, hunt, and be playful like your father. It could kill, like Michael. It had secret weapons, like Enoch. It showed love, like Jesus. Would sometimes go crazy, for no reason, like you. And would sleep all



-But she loved you  
unconditionally.

Just like the creation, the  
relative, and the humans. Just like any  
mother would.

And she taught me how to love you  
again too, brother.

And the relative. The physical.

All the creation.

And even the humans.

She also taught me how to give  
this to you now too, brother.

I love you, brother. Do not kill  
the Calico Cat. It's a perfect mistake;  
unique in many ways. CAIN, you love  
your Calico Cat, right?

Mom said those were the best  
qualities of everyone she loved under  
our Monarch back home. I still can't  
believe that you made the list,  
considering the events past, but that  
just shows you the size of mom's heart  
and forgiveness.

CAIN, mine is too. I forgive you  
brother. I love you.

CAIN set this planet free now!

## **Chapter FOURTEEN**

### **IT'S NOT OVER - THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING, BROTHER.**

Jury, you are cap*ABEL* of doing anything

Jury, you have special *ABELities*

You are *ABEL* to c#@ng3 *the*  
w0rl6

This is my proof to you, humans, that I am not kidding. I have been here as long as dad said, 600 million human lifetimes. I have been fighting for you on BOTH sides. Not only do I speak out against the injustices to you humans and get conditions changed here on the ground to the wardens, but I have also been around so long that I have snuck



my HOLY name into your language, as we were building language and society to give you humans power that you naturally already have that's untapped.

Mom has not only taught me how to look at you (and respect, love and accept your kind), she also taught me to give you a little magic. There is power in those words. As there are also powers in these other words (watch this, jury)-

I WOULD LIKE TO NOW ASK ALL THE OTHER SUPPORTERS AROUND THE WORLD TO

WAKE UP AND WRITE DOWN THE TRUE HISTORY OF OUR STRUGGLES. RIGHT NOW.

Damn, CAIN, did I just let the Calico Cat out the bag? Because when you put those words together like that, THAT'S some pretty powerful words.

CAIN -

FUMF

How you like me now, BIG BROTHER?

I am ADAM.

Jury - I want to reach out to  
CAIN one last time before we finish.

Son, I am the loneliest Creator  
God in the Galaxy. Both my sons are  
on the prison Earth, and my love -  
your mother, EVE, has been long gone  
now. I am all alone. If ABEL can't  
convince you to change, please hear  
me out.

I forgive you son. I love you still.  
And I miss you.

Both my sons are in prison. One  
can't leave till he gets his vote to the  
galactic council. And the other WON'T  
leave till his stubborn ass gets his way  
and the humans are set free and  
awakened. Please, son, think this  
through with me. You killed my wife.  
Both my sons are in prison. And my  
youngest son will go down with the  
relative, the physical, and the humans  
if you will not change your will for  
them. ABEL is very determined and as  
stubborn as his mother.

ABEL and I had to do this. All  
three of us decided to take fire to the  
fire and start the awakening

ourselves. We truly want you to come home, CAIN. ABEL is ready to come home. Let's lift the shame and move forward. Give the humans their planet back and slowly bring them to an awakening.

So much has changed since you left, CAIN. There's always time to take another route. And the one you're on isn't going to take you far, if you get the vote of destruction you seek.

Son, you know I am a warrior. The headhunter for the tribes from the very beginning. You kill 2/3 of my family AND- it's on, son. The other 1/3, I will do with pleasure. Even without consent from H.I.M.

Is that something you REALLY want?

That choice will be your end. And your end will come from ME, your father.

Abel was right when he said we must put an end to this behavior ever happening again. This will never happen again when the vote is over, no matter what. Most of the vote is on your opinion of the humans. Do you

really want a war with me, son, your Father? Think this through wisely.

It's been hard for me to forgive you for killing my Queen and LOVE, EVE. It's taken a very long time. Kill my son ABEL too....there will be nowhere to hide. No time. No dimension. No galaxy. No universe you can go to that I, and my legion, will not find you in. Your brother speaks from love. I still love you. But I also still have pain from being so lonely for so long now. Your mom and I's love was fantastic. I miss her dearly. It's not as bad as before. But it is also still there. Do not open up that pain, or start a new pain again, if you are a smart, son.

CAIN, I agree with your brother now.

Now is the TIME.

CAIN. Set this planet free, son.

(To be continued .....)

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"Party's over - you all have to go - the wolf man is coming out. Party's over -

you all have to go - the sooner the better, the wolf man is coming out.”

Let me tell you about my strategy - I set small fire, hunt big game....

I think you know what I'm talking about. Your mind told you not to go, but you had to find out. Girl, you should have listened. Well, now you know.

CLUTCH: THE WOLF MAN KINDLY  
REQUEST

About the author:

Forced into early retirement from my fire career with the USFS, I had to find something else to do. This is my first book. And I hope it was as much fun to read as it was to write. This is just a story. A figment of my imagination. Possibly!!, the most fun I've had writing ever. Not even possible without Eureka Police. Thanks. How's that taking-over-the-world business coming along? By the way, if your pig ass don't like my book, be reminded,

**I COULD'VE BEEN FIGHTING FIRES.**

Smile, Rabang, and Bishop. You're world famous now. 24/7/365 all around the world famous. (Can't wait to read your book. Bet it's a coloring book.) FUCK YOU.

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